

Pink Glove

The pink glove caught her eye, almost covered, as it was, in damp Autumn leaves. Crouching, Jenna automatically reached for the precious item.

Felt a restraining hand on her arm. "Leave it, Jen. It isn't hers, okay?" Beth looked her elder sister in the eye. "It isn't Mia's."

"It is hers, Beth," Jenna insisted. "It's the one she lost."

"Not after all this time. It isn't even the right shade. Mia's gloves were more of a dusky pink."

"She had two pairs. The one she lost was precisely this shade of pink. This is Mia's glove."

Beth wasn't convinced, but what could she do? Jenna was not going to leave the glove there. She knew it was Mia's. Knew it.

It was a sign. Their little sister was alive and well, and no one was going to persuade Jenna otherwise. No one.

"Come on, sis," urged Beth. "We told Mum we'd be there by seven."

As if life went on. As if it did, or ever would. As though the guilt would ever fade.

The glove simply had to be Mia's, that was all.